

## LIFEBOAT DRILLS ON LINER WHEN SHIP NEARS WAR ZONE

Richard Harding Davis Tells How Passengers Are Assigned to Craft by Ticket.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

PARIS, November 1.—While still 600 miles from the French coast, the passengers on the Chicago of the French line entered what was supposed to be the war zone. In those same waters, just as though the reputation of the Bay of Biscay was not already sufficiently scandalous, two ships of the same line had been torpedoed. So, in preparation for what the captain tactfully called an "accident," we rehearsed abandoning the ship.

It was like the fire drills in our public schools. It seemed a most sensible precaution and one that in times of peace, as well as of war, might with advantage be enforced on all passenger ships. The captain of the Lusitania was asked to hold such a drill and refused. In his case, as it happened, it would not have helped the passengers, because the ship listed so badly that on one side the boats were held under water and on the other were stranded high and dry in the air as though they were on the roof of a skyscraper. But had the Lusitania not listed, a rehearsal of taking to the boats would have hurt no one and might have saved many lives.

Tickets to the Lifeboats.

In his proclamation, Commandant Mac of the Chicago borrowed an idea from the New York fire department. It was the warning Commissioner Adams prints on theater programs and by which he casts a gloom on patrons of the drama by instructing them to look about them for the means of escape. Each passenger on the Chicago was assigned to a lifeboat. We were advised to find out how from any part of the ship at which he might be caught he could soonest reach it. They were assigned. After they had been lowered to the water the men, who were to be segregated on the deck below them, would descend by rope ladders. Entrance to a boat was by ticket only. The tickets were six inches square and bore a number. If you lost your ticket you lost your life. Each of the more imaginative passengers insured his life by fastening the ticket to his clothes with a safety pin.

Two days from land there was a full-dress rehearsal, and for the first time we met those with whom we were expected to put to sea in an open boat. Apparently those in each boat were selected by lot. As one young doctor in the ambulance service put it, "The society in my boat is not at all congenial." The only other persons originally in my boat were Red Cross nurses of the Post unit and infants. In tramping upon them to safety I forced no difficulty. But at the dress rehearsal the pursuer added six dark and dangerous-looking Spaniards. It developed later that by profession they were bull fighters. Any man who is not afraid of a bull is entitled to respect. But being an adrift with six fighters grew hungry. I tore up my ticket and planned to swim.

Saw Too Many Periscopes.

Some of the passengers took the rehearsal to heart, and, fully dressed, remained all night on deck. As the promenade deck is directly over the cabins, not only they did not sleep, but neither did any one else. The next day they began to see periscopes. For this they were not greatly to be blamed. The sea approach to Bordeaux is flagged with black buoys supporting iron masts that support the lights, and in the rain and fog look very much like periscopes. But after the passengers had been thrilled by the sight of twenty of them they became so bored with false alarms that had a real submarine appeared they would have invited the captain on board and given him a drink.

While we still were anxiously keeping watch a sail appeared upon the horizon. Even the strongest glasses could make nothing of it. A young, very young Frenchman ran to the bridge and called to the officers. "Gentlemen, will you please tell me what boat it is that I see?"

Had he asked the same question of an American captain while that officer was on the bridge the captain would have turned his back. An English captain would have put him in irons. But

the French captain called down to him, "She is pilot boat No. 28. The pilot's name is Jean Baptiste. He has a wife and four children in Bordeaux, and others in Brest and Havre. He is fifty years old and has a red nose and a wart on his chin. Is there anything else you would like to know?"

See German Prisoners.

At daybreak, as the ship swept up the Gironde to Bordeaux, we had our first view of the enemy. We had passed the vineyards and those chateaux the name of which every wine card in every part of the world helps to keep famous and familiar, and had reached the outskirts of the city. Here the banks are close together, so close that one almost caresses the shore, but there was a heavy rain and the mist played tricks. When on a barge I saw a man in a black overcoat, with the brass buttons wider apart across the chest than at the belt line, like those of our traffic police in summer time. I thought it was a trick of the mist. Because at present the uniform, that by a nice adjustment of buttons, tries to broaden the shoulders and crease the waist, is not being worn much in France. Not if a French sharpshooters sees it. But the man in the overcoat was not carrying a rifle on his shoulder. He was carrying a bag of cement, and from the hull of the barge others appeared, each with a bag upon his shoulder. There was no mistaking them, nor their little round caps, high boots and uniforms of gray green. It was strange that the first persons we should see since we left the wharf of the foot of the 15th street, North river, the first we should see in France, should not be French people, but German soldiers.

Bordeaux had the good taste to burn down when the architect who designed the Place de la Concorde and the buildings facing it were still alive, and after his designs or those of his pupils, Bordeaux was rebuilt. So, wherever you look you see the best of what is old and the smartest in what is modern. Certainly, when to that city President Poincaré and his cabinet moved the government, they gave it a resting place that was both dignified and charming. To walk the streets and wharves is a continual delight. One never is bored. It is like reading a book. If you lost your ticket you lost your life. Each of the more imaginative passengers insured his life by fastening the ticket to his clothes with a safety pin.

Many Wounded on Streets.

But today to walk the streets of Bordeaux saddens as well as delights. There are so many wounded, there are so many women and children, all in black. It is a relief when you learn that the wounded are from different parts of France, that they have been sent to Bordeaux to recuperate and are greatly in excess of the proportion of wounded you would find in other cities. But the women and children in black are not convalescents. Their wounds heal slowly, or not at all.

At the wharves a white ship with gigantic American flags painted on her sides and with an American flag at the stern was unloading horses. They were sent to the French artillery and cavalry, but they were so glad to be free of the ship that their future state did not distress them. Instead they kicked joyously, scattering the sentries, who were let black Turcos. As one of them would run from a galloping horse, the others laughed at him with that contagious laugh of the dandy that is the same all the world over, whether he be a dandy in America or in France. He would return sheepishly, with eyes "colling," protesting the horse was a "boche."

Officers, who looked as though in times of peace they might be gentleman jockeys, were receiving the recruits and identifying the brands on the hoofs and shoulder that had been made by the agents in America. If the brand inary passed the horse, he was again marked, this time with regimental numbers, on the hock with a branding iron, and on the flanks with white paint. In ten days he will be given a set of shoes, and in a month he will be under fire.

"Ringer" Among the Horses.

Col. Rene de Montjou, who has been a year in America buying remounts, and who returned to the Chicago, discovered that one of the horses was a "substitut"; and a very bad "substit-

tut" he was. His teeth had been filed, but the French officers saw that he was all of eighteen years old. The young American, who, in the interests of the contractor, was checking off the horses, refused to be shocked. Out of the corner of his thin lips he whispered confidentially: "Suppose he is a ringer," he protested. "Suppose he is eighteen years old, what's the use of their making a holler, what's it matter how old he is. If all they're going to do with him is to get him shot?"

That night at the station, as we waited for the express to Paris, many recruits were starting for the front. There seemed to be thousands of them, all new, new sky-blue uniforms, new soup tureen helmets, new shoes. They were splendidly young and vigorous looking, and to the tale that France now is forced to call out only old men and boys they gave the lie.

Young Soldier's Farewell.

With many of them, to say farewell came friends and family. There was one group that had all come, a handsome young man under thirty, his mother and a younger girl who might have been his wife or sister. They had brought him food for the journey—chocolate, a long loaf, tins of sardines, a bottle of wine—and the fun was in trying to find any pocket, bag or haversack not already filled. They were all laughing, the little mother rather mechanically when the whistle blew. It was one of those shrill, long-drawn whistles with which in Europe they start the trains. It had a peevish, infantile sound, like the squeak of a nursery toy. But it was as ominous as growth, it was a warning, it was the fat little mother. She was still laughing, but at his embrace and at the meaning of it, at the thought that the son, who to her was always a baby, might never again embrace her, she tore herself from his sobbing and fled, leaving him, as though to escape from her grief. Other women, their eyes filled with sudden tears, made a dash for their fingers pressed to their lips turned to watch her.

The young soldier, kissed the wife, or sister, or sweetheart, or whatever she was, sketchily on one ear, and shoved her after the fleeing figure.

"Guard mamma!" he said.

It is the tragedy that will never grow less, and never grow old.

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DR. C. W. ELIOT HONORED.

Awarded First Medal of American Academy of Arts and Letters.

BOSTON, November 20.—Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard University, was notified today that by unanimous vote he had been awarded the first gold medal of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. "As a recognition of special distinction." By subscription of its members last year the academy established a gold medal "to be bestowed for the entire work of any person of either sex, not a member of the academy, who shall be a native or naturalized citizen of the United States."

It was announced that the formal presentation would take place during the winter, probably in New York.

Prof. Percival Lowell of the Lowell Observatory, at Flagstaff, Ariz., has announced that Dr. V. M. Slipher of that observatory had detected, spectrographically, rotation in the great Andromeda nebula.

## ACCIDENT, MD., MAN TELLS OF GOOD REMEDY

A. J. Alexander Says Treatment Did More for Him Than Any Other.

A. J. Alexander of Accident, Md., was a victim of stomach disorders. He tried many remedies and treatments without satisfactory results. At last he tried May's Wonderful Remedy. He was surprised and pleased. He wrote:

"I have taken your remedy with good results. It has done more for me than anything I have ever taken. It has done what you claimed it would. I am advising all my friends sufferers to take it, feeling confident that it will be a great blessing to them."

May's Wonderful Remedy gives permanent results for stomach, liver and intestinal ailments. Eat as much and whatever you like. No more distress after eating, pressure of gas in the stomach and around the heart. Get one bottle of your druggist now and try it on an absolute guarantee. If not satisfactory money will be returned. Advertisement.

Small Weekly or Monthly Payments

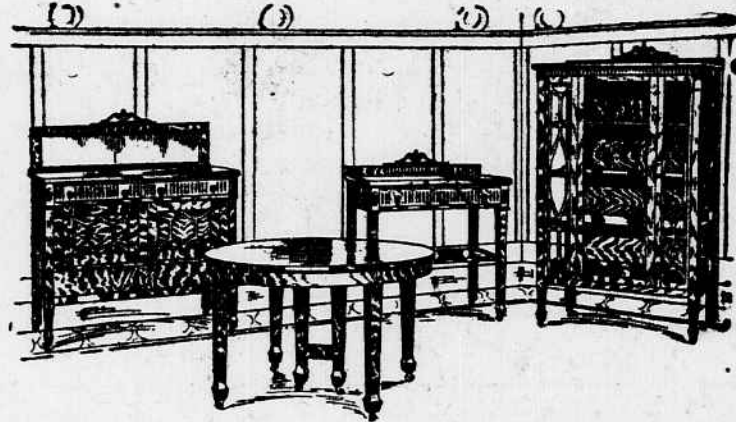
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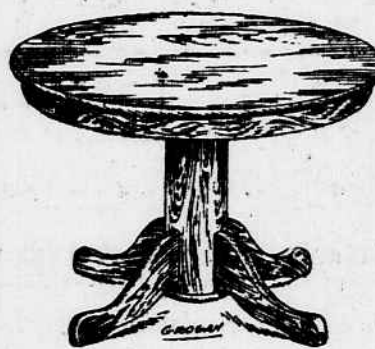
Thanksgiving day is close at hand. If anything is to be purchased to improve the furnishings of your dining room for this occasion you'll be able to find it here—good, reliable values at very low prices.



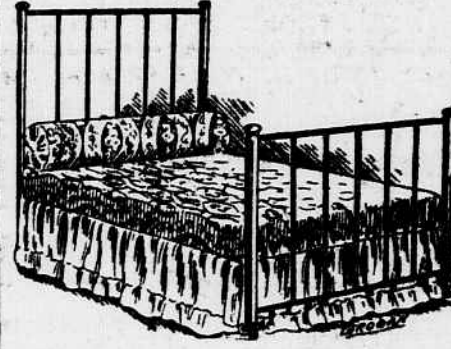
For a Perfectly Appointed Dining Room.

A suite of solid mahogany, in colonial design, ten pieces, chairs are upholstered in blue haircloth; a magnificent specimen of the highest class of furniture. Formerly priced, \$248.50. **\$195**

A suite of Sheraton mahogany, exquisitely inlaid; ten pieces. This is really a great bargain offering in the finest grade of period furniture. Formerly priced \$275.00. **\$185**



A good-looking, serviceable Dining Table, of colonial design. It is of polished golden oak, with heavy pedestal, solid legs and extends to 6 feet in length. **\$9.75**



Brass Bed, with substantial posts and five strong fillers at head and foot; guaranteed lacquer in either bright or satin finish. **\$9.50**



English Fireside Chair. Specially priced at

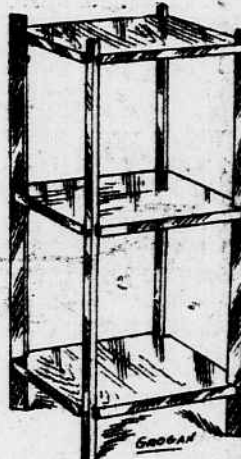
**\$14.50**

This is the ideal "comfort" chair; extra large and made for long service. It is fully upholstered with a fine quality of imported Cretonne in floral designs of rich colorings.

Dinner Services

American Porcelain, 100 pieces; various dainty floral sprays and border designs, with gold edges. Sets of this quality are usually priced at \$15 in other stores.

**\$10.50**



Magazine Rack of oak, with rich fumed finish—convenient, substantial and ornamental.

**85c**



Heavy Cotton-fleeced Blankets; white, tan and gray; pretty borders; for large-size beds. **\$1.50 Grades for 85c**

Eiderdown-finish Blankets; white and jacquard plaids, in two and three tone color combinations. **\$4.00 Grades for \$2.95**

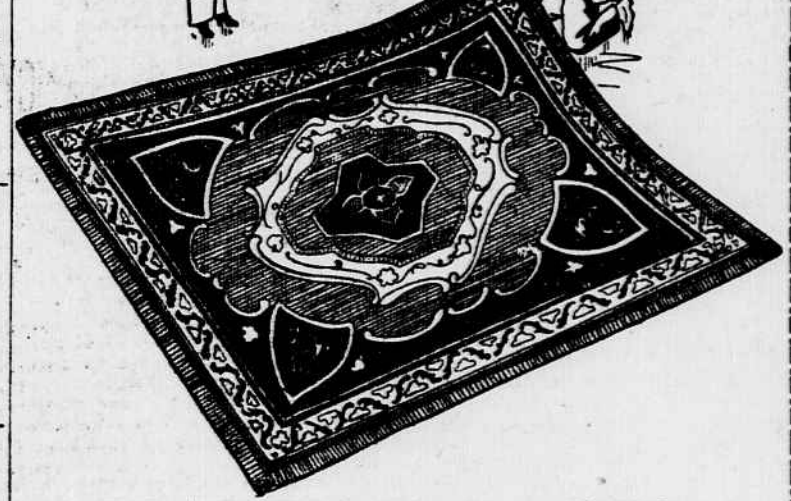
Strictly All-wool Blankets, 68x80 inches, of fine, soft texture; borders of pink or blue, with silk bindings to match. **\$7.50 Grades for \$5.95**

Cellarettes Are Convenient.

A handsome pattern in oak, with rich fumed finish; complete with decanter and glasses. Priced elsewhere at \$25.00. **\$17.50**

## Bargains in Our Rug Department

We have rugs of all sizes, all weaves, all varieties—carefully selected to offer you the greatest beauty and the greatest possible values that moderate prices can purchase.

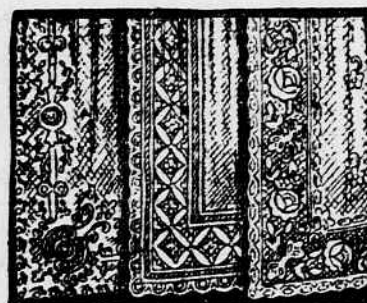


All Our \$1.75 Axminsters and Velvets Special at \$1.45 Yard

The Carpet department is a feature of our store and has made us leaders in this line because of the values offered and a free service that is not equaled by any other house in the city or country.

We make, line and lay all carpets free. Some others may do this much for you, but in addition we make no charge for the two or three yards that are usually wasted in cutting to match figures. In all this there is a saving of from 15c to 25c per yard, which cuts \$4 to \$6 from the cost of covering a room of average size.

Correct laying will greatly prolong the life of any floor covering, and our men have been trained to do this work perfectly. Their experience is worth dollars to you.



Lace Curtains

We have a handsome assortment of Nottinghams, all extra wide, full length, deep borders, with pretty scroll designs.

**\$1.50 qualities, now \$1.00**  
**\$2.00 qualities, now \$1.35**  
**\$5.00 qualities, now \$3.50**  
**\$8.00 qualities, now \$6.75**

## This Large Heater \$6.75

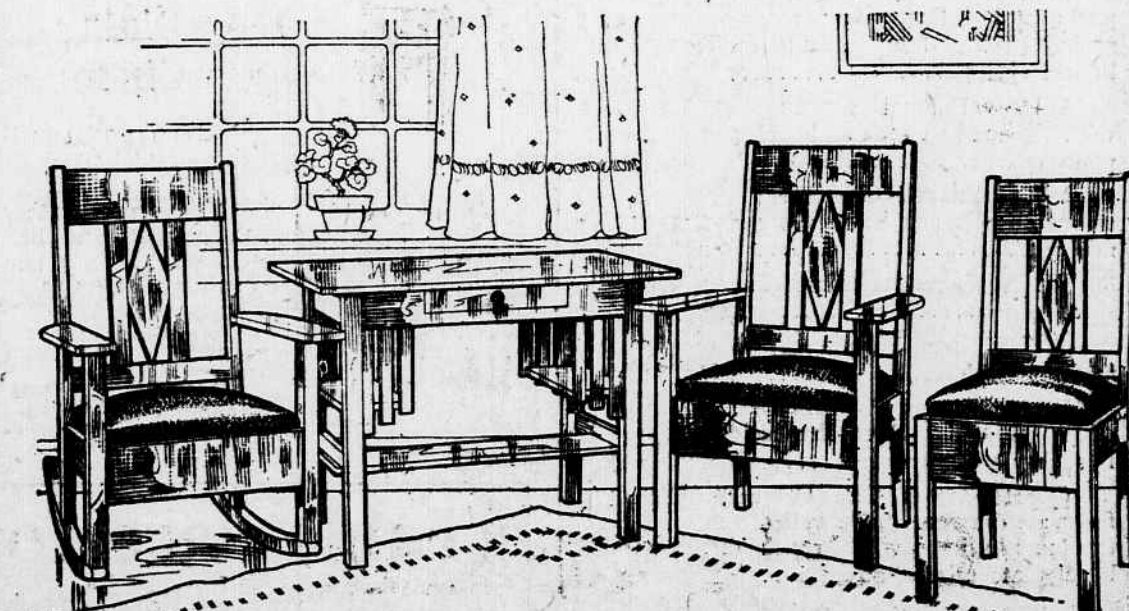
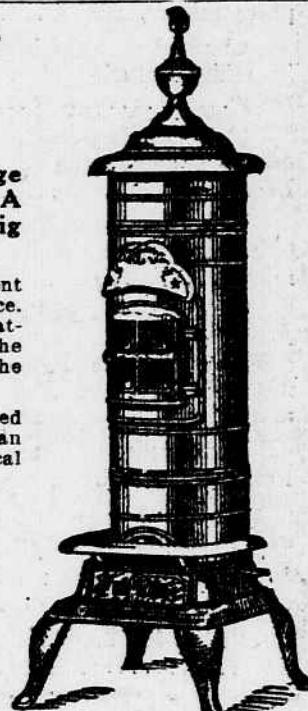
This size will heat a large room in the coldest weather. A very satisfactory stove and a big value at this price.

This season our stove department has called for greatly enlarged space. We shall give these lines particular attention, for the heating stove or the cooking range may be the joy or the bane of the housekeeper's life.

The makes we offer have been tested for a good many seasons and we can recommend them to you for economical and satisfactory service.

You will find everything from the smallest heater to the massive cooking range, and comparisons will show that we are selling them at prices lower than those of even the stores which handle these goods exclusively.

If you need any description of stove, burning oil, gas or coal, come to us for it.



## Handsome Library Suite

Here is a value that must be seen to be appreciated. The pieces are substantially constructed of solid oak, with a beautiful fumed finish that harmonizes with any color scheme in decoration. The seats of the rocker and chairs are of the automobile pattern, with spring construction. The upholstery is a fine grade of Imperial imitation leather, rich looking and serviceable. The library table has a top drawer, magazine racks and bottom shelf.

**\$15.75**

## Thanksgiving FOOTWEAR

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The last word in style, quality and value. In patent leather, gun metal, vici kid, button and lace, kid and cloth tops. Hand-sewed welts. All the latest novelties.

Our "Edith" Shoes at **\$3.00**

Remember, these are genuine hand-sewed welts—not machine sewed, as most \$3 shoes. In all the new styles. Patent leather, gun metal, vici kid, button and lace, with kid and cloth tops.

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"Arch Doctor" Shoes for Men and Women, **\$6.00**

These shoes are made on anatomical principles, with arch supports built in shoe. Every one who has fallen arch will find these shoes a source of great comfort.

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